

TOC H JOURNAL

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The Pint Pot

THIS LITTLE JOURNAL, about to enter its thirtieth year of publication, has always cherished close relations with its readers. Those who run it, a very small company, enjoy every contact that is possible across the footlights, so to speak, with their monthly audience of 18,000. Sometimes, like other players, they experience a twinge of disappointment when some carefully rehearsed item does not raise a laugh or a single hand-clap from the body of the house. Indeed they are wont to count any month's issue half-lost which does not bring them a word of praise or blame, a kick or a ha'penny, from some quarter.

It is not rare nowadays for a Branch to devote a little time now and again to critical examination of recent numbers of the JOURNAL, and it is a habit much to be encouraged. These pages are not produced as a hobby for those who write them but for the pleasure and the use of those who read. So if you have criticisms, don't nurse them but let us have them: if you think you have a good idea, pass it on—we don't promise always to agree.

Two things we ask readers to bear in mind. First, the threefold function which the JOURNAL, from the start, has set out to serve—it should be (a) a 'news bulletin', giving news of the world-wide Family and its doings; (b) an 'official gazette', notifying appointments, forthcoming events, decisions, deaths and so on; (c) a medium of 'ideas', drawn from the outside world, from books, etc., as well as from Toc H experience. Secondly, don't forget—in these days of paper shortage and high costs—how little room there is in any single issue for all these things. It is plain that everybody can't have everything he wants every month, for a quart won't go into a pint pot. But we do our best, pretty sure that you will find stimulant somewhere in each issue.

Uncle Tom Cobley and All

"THE GOSPEL OF TOC H awaits evangelists—so go to it"—thus Barkis ended his review of John Callf's masterly booklet "Talking Points". Toc H evangelists. Dear me, doesn't this sound a bit odd? Matthew, Mark, Luke and John—of course; but "Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davey, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all". I ask you!

Good News

Yet, perhaps, it's true; or ought to be. And perhaps it's not so very surprising after all. For an evangelist is someone who has heard a piece of good news and wants to share it with other people. Isn't Toc H good news?

Evangelist and evangelism are essentially Christian words; "evangel" is just a New Testament Greek word in English letters. It means the good news about Jesus Christ; his Life, Death and Resurrection; that God was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself; that men could repent, be forgiven and restored to fellowship with God and each other; that death had no more dominion over them. "The Gospel", says C. H. Dodd, "sets forth the glory of God by declaring what He has done". In the early days the Gospel really was "news", and many men and women hailed it as good news as well. But familiarity can breed indifference; and there is the bitter phrase "gospel-hardened".

Hope Shared

The Gospel is here to be proclaimed: not to be buried in vaults marked "Silence. Do not disturb". The vaults may be ourselves. To wish to share the good news does not mean, fortunately, that we have to rush about asking people whether they have seen the light or have been saved; neither does it involve us in publicly announcing that we were converted at 09.00 hours on such and such a day. It most certainly does not imply that we have to apologise for the Gospel. But it does mean that we ought always to be ready to give a reason (a sound reason) for the hope that is in us. One of these days

someone may ask "Why ever are you a Christian?" How awkward!

No man in his senses minimizes the importance of spreading the Gospel without preaching it. No man in his senses believes that he can argue another man into the Kingdom of God. Nevertheless, hard thinking and clear speaking have their place in the equipment of the Christian evangelist.

Known Truth

Evangelism of this kind is not nearly so dull as it may sound. If it is to succeed, certain things are needed. The evangelist must know in his own experience the truth of the good news. It is not enough for him to know his Gospel intellectually; he must have seen it work. The good news must be relevant to contemporary history. It is no use being able to show that it was relevant in A.D. 50 or in 1066, if we fail to make it relevant to 1951. It must be relevant to the hearer in his particular circumstances.

Perhaps there is some little parallel between the evangelist and the artist. Suppose that the artist has chosen oils as his medium, and will be painting on canvas. He must know his canvas; what treatment it needs before he can begin working on it. He must be master of the medium that he has chosen; but all true artists and craftsmen will tell us that that they can only master their medium by loving it.

Understanding

Evangelism is essentially personal; it is a relationship between individuals. The evangelist must know his canvas—the people with whom he would like to share the good news. He must know them as persons, with their own special qualities, defects and oddities. If they fight shy of or are hostile to the good news, then the evangelist will the better meet the situation the deeper he understands the reasons for their reaction. He will be helped if he appreciates something of the influence that current, popular ideas about religion, morals and economics have upon people. (Of course, it is just possible that some people take a dim view of the Gospel, because some evangelists are themselves so dim). All this makes the business of evangelism fascinating instead of boring.

The evangelist, then, must know his canvas. He must also be master of his medium which is the Gospel. A nodding acquaintance with it is no use. He must know what it says, and what it can do and often **does**. But, like the artist, he must love it if he is to make good use of it. There is, indeed, a paradox here; as there often is in Christianity. For the evangelist will only master his medium if he is mastered by it. He is not gospel-hardened, but gospel-possessed.

Deeds not Words

Thinking and speaking *are* important; but, mercifully, in the long run men assess the good news more by the way we live it than by the way we talk about it. In a caustic sentence in one of his books Dr. Cyril Alington suggests that "except in some admirable parishes the congregation tends to become a body which merely meets for religious exercises, and is seldom united by any feeling which could reasonably be described as 'Love' ". It is not our business to decide how far his comment is true. It is our business to ask whether or how far it is true of our own Unit.

Toc H evangelists? Why ever not?

JOHN DURHAM.

The Royal Air Force

The following appeared in Air Ministry Orders dated July 19, 1951:

Membership of Toc H by R.A.F. Personnel.

1. There is no Service objection to officers, airmen, and airwomen exercising full membership of Toc H if they so desire.
2. Personnel who are members of Toc H at the time of entering the Royal Air Force may therefore retain their membership and those at present serving, if they are not already members, may apply to join.

Saving the Old House

LORD WAKEFIELD'S imaginative generosity made Talbot House, Poperinghe, a Toc H possession in 1929. He not only purchased the property but he provided at the same time an endowment of £10,000 to maintain it in perpetuity. For ten years between the wars the income from this capital sum kept the fabric and furnishings of the House in excellent order and produced a small salary for the late Paul Slessor, who devoted great love and care to House and garden. There was also a constant stream of pilgrimage parties, whose gifts not only helped to maintain a place they loved but kept going a small guest-fund out of which grants could be made which enabled young and less well-off members to make the journey to Belgium.

A Changed Situation

A second World War has drastically changed the situation of Talbot House, as it has so many others. When Poperinghe was liberated in 1944 and we were able to return, all the furniture and other possessions of the Old House, most gallantly removed and hidden under the noses of the Germans by our Belgian friends in Poperinghe, were replaced intact, but the House itself, neglected during its enemy occupation, was crying out for major and minor repairs. The most urgent of these have now been done, and House and garden have never looked more beautiful or ready to welcome their guests. Only two things are missing, but those are the most important of all—a strong stream of guests and an adequate income.

Some suggestions will be made, we hope, in the January JOURNAL which should draw more visitors—not least a new generation which has not yet tasted the delights of the Old House. Meanwhile a few words about the second difficulty, finance. All costs in Belgium have risen; it is now a more expensive country to live in than Great Britain. The annual income from the Wakefield Fund is now £350, and in these new days that is not enough to maintain the fabric, to pay the resident caretaker and to meet the bills for heat and light and

other current expenses. Some provision is also needed for a part-time salary for the Old House and Pilgrimage Secretary, a member of the home staff, as was done up to 1940.

The Old House Committee has considered the position carefully and made its report to the Central Executive. The Central Finance Committee has agreed that the deficit (if any) on Talbot House in 1952 up to £400 shall be met out of the Family Purse and the position reviewed annually thereafter.

Long-term Policy

That will tide us over the immediate future, but a long-term policy is also needed. We must start to build up a new endowment which will gradually put the Old House on a sound footing and hand it on, a sacred trust out of jeopardy, to our successors. An immediate general appeal to our membership would be out of place at a time when it is committed to extinguish a deficit on the central funds of our Movement. There is another means, working more slowly over the years ahead, and Tubby himself is leading the way. He has offered to leave a legacy of £1,000 ("minus," he says, "whatever sum I can now pay") to Toc H for the further endowment of the Old House, *provided that others will make gifts or legacies* amounting to £9,000. Already one other member of Toc H has followed this up with the promise of a legacy of £500 to the Old House and £500 to the Family Purse and his wife has promised like sums in both directions. The Central Finance and the Old House Committees have expressed their warm appreciation of these actions.

We all realise that not a great many Toc H members can offer to leave legacies on this scale, but the promise of a mounting number of smaller sacrifices, some day to be fulfilled (and to be notified *now*, if possible, to Tubby), will secure the Old House permanently, so far as that rests with Toc H to do. Tubby, writing to a few friends, has said:

I really think we ought to see this settled before the evening comes and stumps are drawn. If you can think of anyone to ask, it will of course further relieve my burden; but what I chiefly need is your name. I am pretty sure that many Flanders men would help, if all the details could be put to them.



Slough Observer

A WELCOME SIGN

As a contribution to the Festival of Britain, Iver Branch members have had the bright idea to erect a village sign.

On one side is pictured the Parish Church, and the reverse shows an ancient farm, an inn and a bridge—all charming features of the village. On the post a member has carved and gilded the Double-Cross.

The undertaking was made possible through the co-operation of a local artist, the village smith and a well-known firm of timber merchants who gave the oak post. Erection was carried out by Branch members who enjoyed the unusual experience of mixing concrete on the public highway.

One Projector plus

This article by MAURICE BEEVERS, a member of Harehills Branch, tells how in seven months his mobile unit gave 143 shows without any transport of its own. It is reproduced here by kind permission of the FILM USER in which magazine it first appeared.

IN June, 1949, six members of a small T.O.C. unit in Leeds met together with the idea of forming a mobile film unit to provide entertainment for hospitals, children's orphanages and so on in Leeds and the district around.

We had no experience and little idea of the cost of the equipment needed, but with strong hearts and not a little imagination we set about the task of raising funds. We even toured the streets of Leeds with an almost extinct barrel organ; it raised us over £60.

Gradually, the result of small whist drives, toy-making and small donations, mainly through local tradespeople, we built our fund until eventually we had approximately £230.

In November we were offered a G.B. Bell Howell with accessories at a reduced rate. With the purchase of an 8ft. Selfix screen, an extra lens, spare lamp and exciter, our initial equipment was completed. We then bought three Movie-Paks of topical interest, and our adventure had begun.

A careful study of the instruction book gave us the rudiments of the projector, and after a little practice we felt competent to give our first show. But the Movie-Paks provided

'a careful study of the instruction book . . .'



only a half-hour show and with no further funds at our disposal, we had to look around for the loan of sponsored films.

We were up against it for, being mid-November, all films were seemingly booked up; even the Central Film Library could not help us. However, with the co-operation of British Railways we were able to compile a programme of sorts, although the films were rather of a technical nature and somewhat worn.

We continued with this make-shift programme until April, 1950, when an appeal was made for the loan of films through the local press and the *Film User*.

Through the medium of the *Film User* we were put in touch with various organisations prepared to loan us sponsored films. To enable such an interesting programme to be maintained during the winter of 1950-51, we are much indebted to the Central Film Library, the American and Norwegian Embassies, I.C.I. Petroleum Films Bureau, Tate & Lyle, Lever Bros., to mention but a few.

One outcome of the press report of our activities was to bring an offer of a show copy at a reduced rate of Charlie Chaplin's *In the Bank*. This proved immensely popular to old and young alike, and even after over 200 shows this print is still in as good a condition as the day we received it.

Our offer through the local press to provide a free show to hospitals, institutions and children's orphanages brought many enquiries, but we were severely handicapped by lack of transport. Somehow or another we managed to get our equipment moved. Our methods have been most varied, from open lorry, Austin Seven to luxurious limousine, from butchers' and greengrocers' vans to ice-cream van, and on one occasion a tradesman's motor cycle and box side-car was pressed into



'methods of transport . . .'

use. One of these days it wouldn't surprise me to be travelling in a hearse.

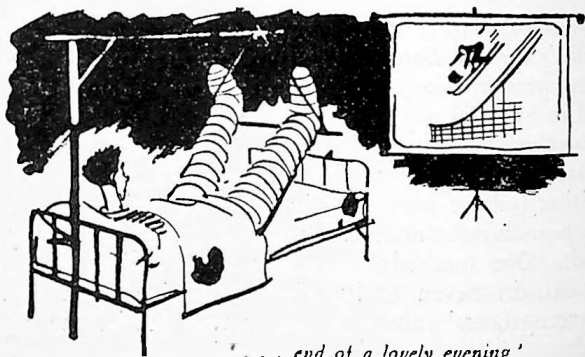
We have travelled within a thirty-mile radius of Leeds and the shows have proved immensely popular. For many of our audiences they are the only link with the activities of the outside world. In one hospital a patient who had been there for almost twenty years told me that, apart from carol singers at Christmas, our show was the very first entertainment ever given.

In seven months, from September 10, 1950, to April 1, 1951, we have given 143 shows of two to two-and-a-half hours' duration, and from records taken at the time we estimate that we have provided entertainment for some 10,670 people.

We begin our journeys at 6 p.m., after completing our normal day's work, and very often it is midnight before we arrive home. Apart from two occasions, one a heavy snow-fall and the other thick fog, we have never failed to give our show.

This winter, when Toc H and its silver screen goes up again in the dark nights of the winter months, we shall endeavour to give even better service and, we hope, create another record. We are, however, seriously handicapped by lack of transport; is there any Toc H friend or member who has an old car or van they would donate to this good cause, and earn the grateful thanks of these hospital patients whom we entertain?

M.B.



'... end of a lovely evening'



Multum in Parvo

✚ Toc H PADRES, who are incumbents of parishes and seeking an exchange, are invited to write to the Chief Anglican Padre for particulars of a benefice in the Diocese of Truro, Cornwall, in the gift of Toc H for this turn.

✚ SIR HARRY BATTERBEE has accepted the office of Home Commissioner for the Colonies, in place of SIR RONALD CROSS, now Governor of Tasmania.

✚ CHRISTOPHER PRINGLE, late Hon. Warden of Mark VII, has been co-opted to the Central Executive, vice SHAUN HERRON resigned.

✚ Welcome to the Rev. TOM COLVIN (S.C.M. Secretary, Manchester University), half-time Padre at Mark IV.

✚ HAROLD GASCOIGNE, formerly East Midlands Area Secretary at home, has resigned from the Staff and taken up farming with his wife and brother in Queensland, Australia, where he has been Area Secretary for the last two years.

✚ Toc H will be represented as usual by a contingent of men and women at the Ceremony at the Cenotaph in Whitehall, London, on REMEMBRANCE DAY, November 11.

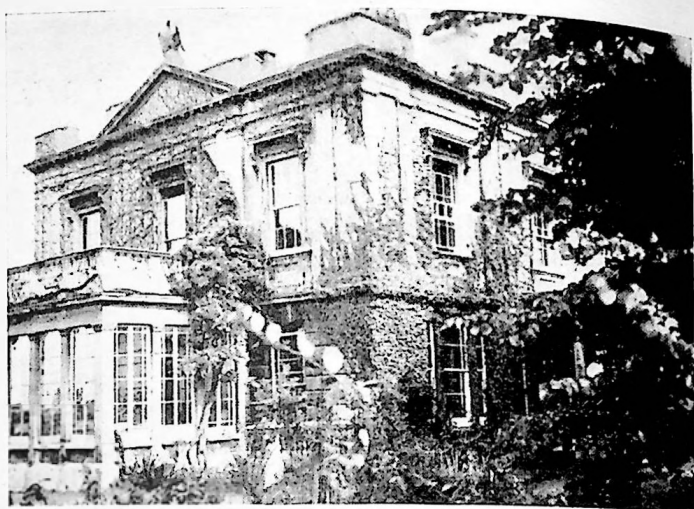
✚ A MESSAGE FROM WALES will be available for reading at observances of the WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT at 9 p.m. on December 11 and 12.

✚ The AUSTRALIAN Toc H FESTIVAL will be held at Hobart, Tasmania, from February 9 to 16.

✚ It is hoped that FARNHAM CASTLE in Surrey will again be made available to Toc H members and friends for a series of holiday and conference weeks in August, 1952.

✚ The Toc H FESTIVAL next year will be held at Blackpool in September, and the Festival of Toc H (WOMEN'S SECTION) in London in October.

✚ Have you got your Toc H DIARY for 1952?



Toc H Mark IX, Bristol

Port of Call

THE CALM of a beautiful July evening at Mark IX, Bristol, was broken when a telegram from Tubby arrived, in which he besought—or rather, ordered—hospitality for a young officer on one of the oil tankers, heading for Bristol Docks.

This hospitality was duly extended in “ship-shape and Bristol fashion” and after the ship had sailed, the Mark replied to Tubby, by telegram, which read “Signal received, operation tanker completed, please send fleet”.

Imagine the surprise of the Mark a fortnight later when another wire arrived to say that Tubby was coming down. Mention of the fleet was missing, but we always hope for the best and prepare for the worst, so men and materials were organised accordingly.

However, Tubby arrived by road just fifteen minutes after the stated time, and was very warmly received by representatives from most Branches in the Area.

He brought with him Bob and Graham, two young American Winant Volunteers who were promptly invited to supper, whilst Tubby gave us one of his inimitable and unorthodox speeches. His brief history of Toc H in London, its trials and struggles in the East and South East districts. His thanks to God for all the goodness and many benefits received, his optimism for the future, and his smashing attack on all gloom and apathy, beggared description and made us resolve forthwith to re-double our efforts.



THE BOARD MEETING: Marksmen in the dining room at Mark IX

Following Tubby and fresh from supper, Bob Hahn, in a racy speech described himself grandly as Tubby's assistant, but tempered the grandness thereof later, when he described his duties as ranging from finding the Boss's papers to taking the pup 'Chippy' out for business reasons.

Graham then gave us his reactions to English people and especially to the East End lads. He told of their keen desire to learn about Cowboys and Indians of whom, whilst Graham was woefully ignorant, the East Enders knew all the answers, including, of course, the gangster kingdom!

The first-hand accounts of young Americans' work in London were not only interesting, but highly informative, and made several of us, I feel certain, conscious of the very small parts we play in our Family's life. It was surprising to learn what a fund of knowledge they had of this country and its people, and there is no doubt whatsoever that if they are representative of young America, the future of Toc H in that vast country is not only assured, but could well become a terrific force in the world.

W.A.S.



Twenty Questions

'Toc H' in nine!

In this popular B.B.C. parlour game on Friday, September 7, many listeners (ourselves among them) were surprised to hear Norman Hackforth say, "and the next object is TOC H". The B.B.C., through Ian Messiter, the producer of the series, has kindly allowed us to print the following transcription of a telediphone recording of the programme:—

Kenneth Horne: Pressing on once more, this has no description on the card, and I would say it's really abstract, I think.

The Voice: And the next object is Toc H. Toc H.

Kenneth Horne: Very difficult to describe, it's abstract with all kinds of connections.

1. *Jack Train:* Darwin's theory.

Kenneth Horne: No.

2. *Anona Winn:* Well, is this some sort of idea or thought that has been propounded by somebody? (*Applause*).

Kenneth Horne: Yes, I think the applause might mislead you a bit. This was founded certainly by somebody very well known and has a great ideal.

3. *Richard Dimbleby:* Is it a sort of, some sort of religion?

Kenneth Horne: Not exactly a religion, but you're very near it.

4. *Joy Adamson:* Is it an oath?

Kenneth Horne: A what?

Joy Adamson: An oath like. . . .

Kenneth Horne: No, no, no, it's not that Joy. Jack.

5. *Jack Train:* How long ago was it written about or propounded?

Kenneth Horne: Founded?

Jack Train: Propounded.

Kenneth Horne: Founded about 1920. You've had five.

6. *Anona Winn:* The Nuffield Trust.
Kenneth Horne: No, it's not that.
7. *Anona Winn:* Is it a thing like that?
Kenneth Horne: Not really, not quite, but you're not awfully far away.
8. *Richard Dimbleby:* Do people meet regularly to profess their belief in this?
Toc H:
9. *Jack Train:* Toc H.
Kenneth Horne: Yes, yes.

Missed Landfalls

THIS ARTICLE is not in any way intended to compete with the Toc H classic *Towards New Landfalls*. Thirty years of active Trade Union work has given me an opportunity of seeing trades unions operating at many levels—Branch—District—Trades' Councils and on two occasions at the Annual Trades' Union Congress itself. For the past two years I have been privileged to serve the largest clerical trades union in the world as a member of its National Executive Committee. Side by side with this activity I have enjoyed a quarter of a century of membership in Toc H and have looked upon my trade union activity as a glorious opportunity of using the 'Four Points'. Indeed trades unionism has, in my view, correctly been the vehicle for my main Toc H 'job'.

From a Toc H standpoint it has been lonely work; rarely have I met a Toc H badge—a couple of times perhaps at a National Conference but seldom elsewhere in the Trade Union movement.

Drawing Closer

On occasions I have tried to interest Toc H Branches as to the democratic importance of the organisations concerned with salary and wage issues and other matters vital to the well-being of people who work at all levels, and, as I see it, the necessity of drawing closer together the employers and the employed.

It is with regret that I record that I have not yet witnessed any great enthusiasm for an attempt to get a better understanding of the difficulties in this field. Indeed much of my time has been spent in attempting to place in a better perspective many of the views held seemingly by a great majority of Toc H members as to the functions which are more often seen by them as 'anti-social' activities by trade unionists.

In many cases I have found a wish to close or even avoid discussion of the pros and cons of the desires which organised workpeople use their Unions to express.

Misunderstanding

When possible I have looked back over the minuted records of Toc H Branches and have been very interested to observe the trend of both subjects and speakers: rarely has the indication appeared that the Branch has examined Trade Union issues.

In reverse, and probably because of the antipathy of Toc H generally in the sphere under review, I have found a massive misunderstanding of Toc H and its great principles inside the Trade Union movement, this particularly when an explanation of my Toc H badge has been sought.

Whither then Toc H in this matter? Are we really missing a large boat, does the fault lie with a failure to seize the imagination of trade unionists by Toc H from the centre or its Branches, or both?

Finding Out

In the Branches, when programme building is being considered, why not include this very important Trade Union theme—get speakers from the Unions themselves—find out by means of a talk by its Secretary or President what the local Trades Council is constituted for and how it functions.

More and more the evidence of the great power of the Unions is patent and I cannot avoid the feeling that here is a 'closed book' as far as Toc H is concerned, but I am just as certain that the time and the means do exist for a seeking of this great 'landfall'.

TED INGLIS.



UMTALI—AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

PETER JACKSON of Ashtead came into "Forty-seven" in September and gave an account of himself during his stay of eight months in Umtali. The Branch seems to have the knack of making you feel at home, thanks to the "fussless welcome of such people as Jock Kinloch and Tom Stratton". While he was there a Toc H version of "Bless This House" was written, and was sung by the Branch on many occasions. The words are given below because some people may like to keep them near at hand:

Bless Toc H, O Lord we pray; may it serve Thee day by day.

Let our Lamp be ever trim; never let its Light grow dim.

Bless the Movement, keep it strong, for we all to Thee belong;

May our Compass always be, ever pointing, Lord, to Thee.

Bless our efforts; keep them bright; worthy of our Lamp and
Light.

Let our hearts united be, as we bravely build for Thee.

Keep us steadfast, free from sin, when temptations strive
within.

Bless each Branch that it may be, fit, dear Lord, to welcome
Thee.

Strengthen this, Thy Work, begun, that all men to Thee be
won.

(For men's use, no higher key than 'C' setting is recommended.)

A small model of their lamp, made in perspex by one of the Umtali members and presented to Peter before he left them, is obviously a treasured reminder of his stay there. During the same period Eric Moss, of the Central Executive has been to Southern Rhodesia on business and has met Charles Falconer in Bulawayo and other Rhodesian leaders. Just before



Umtali, framed in the Vumba Hills

that Jim Theobald (Mark II) returned from a long business trip through India, Pakistan and parts of the Far East, during which he met Toc H wherever it was to be found. And so it goes on.

As members journey about the world for business or pleasure the idea of a "world-wide family of Toc H" becomes steadily less of a slightly picturesque theory and more of sheer solid reality.

As a postscript there is this homely extract from Broken Hill's report in the July *Capricornian*—the title of the new Central African Journal.

Our usual film shows were given at the Gaol and African Hospital. These are informal affairs; a feature of the African Hospital show being that we generally have to search for a tall patient and rout him out of his bed so that he can reach up and take out the electric bulbs.

Moral, if ever you are likely to be an African patient in the Broken Hill hospital, first make sure that you are short and fat not long and thin, then you will enjoy a film show undisturbed.

REPORT ON SPINALONGA

This episode has now come to a successful end with the arrival of the following letter from Dr. Grammatkakakis, the Medical Director of the Leper Colony at Spinalonga, Crete:

I have the pleasure to inform you that the supplies of clothes in four packages on behalf of our leper patients at Spinalonga all arrived in good order and were distributed to them in due time by our service.

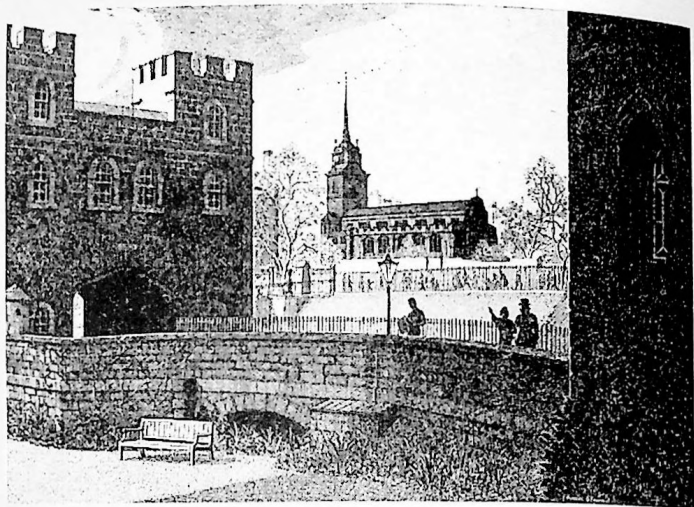
Our lepers are most grateful for the help thus given them and I beg to express on their behalf their deepest gratitude.

You may remember that in the March JOURNAL we asked for a few clothes for the ex-service lepers and their families. We thought that we might be able to make up one or two large parcels to keep them a little warmer during the winter. In fact the response was almost overwhelming and the conservatory at Mark I filled steadily with the parcels which came by every post. Fifteen carton boxes of clothing, food, cigarettes, bandages, etc., arrived from Herford, Germany, where they had been collected and packed by the wives of families from the Control Commission. Four brand new woollen pullovers came anonymously from a Toc H Builder in Tunbridge Wells, two fine hand-knitted blankets from Lincoln Women's Section, a shawl and two tins of chocolate from "just an elderly spinster" at Stratford-on-Avon—and so on and so on. Some sent money and a total of £9 13s. 0d. reached Mark I and was acknowledged. Among the clothes collected were these major items:—

16 complete suits	24 odd jackets	47 pullovers
37 pairs of trousers	4 blankets	24 pairs shoes or boots
67 shirts	16 skirts	30 women's coats
19 overcoats and raincoats	58 vests or pairs of pants	

The donations were used to help meet the cost of collecting, packing (into four bales) and transport to the docks, where a Greek member of Toc H had arranged for free transport by sea to Piræus.

There Lady Norton, wife of the British Ambassador, was able to get more free transport to St. Nicholas, the nearest bay to the Colony. So that's that, and thank you kindly. G.M.



The Shape of Things to Come: A prophetic drawing by Charles Stewart of the new All Hallows', seen from the Tower of London.

Tower Hill Regained

THE CITY OF LONDON, founded by the Romans, has had two chances to be grandly rebuilt since they left it. The Great Fire of 1666 made a clean sweep of its narrow, pestilent streets and alleys, but everyone knows that Sir Christopher Wren's noble design for a well-planned city was rejected by a short-sighted Corporation—at a cost, since then, of money and life, time and temper which is beyond all reckoning. The Greater Fire of 1940-41 opened up the over-crowded City once more to imaginative builders, but when the Corporation's first plan was produced it was rejected by the Government as "unworthy of a great city"—with one notable exception, the scheme known as "Tower Hill Improvement", which was born in 1934 in the fertile mind of—Tubby.

Much property misplaced upon 'The Hill' had first to be purchased, and by 1939 no less than £120,000 had been spent. It was on this site, now changed out of recognition, that a

*"Times" photograph*

The Shape of the Present: The new Terrace in being.

most happy event took place on October 3—the handing over by the Trust to the Corporation of London of the deeds of a wide paved terrace, which restores a part of their lost inheritance to the people of London.

The short ceremony was a chance for pageantry—and Tubby never misses such a chance. Yeomen Warders from the Tower, in their Tudor scarlet and gold, provided a guard of honour at the platform. The Lord Mayor (Sir Denys Lawson) in his massive black and gold robes, attended by the City Marshall in a plumed hat, the Sword Bearer in a fur one and the Mace-bearer in a wig, came on the scene. The band of the Royal Marines from Portsmouth played. Sir John Anderson, on behalf of the Trust, handed over the deeds. Tubby, in scarlet cassock, dedicated the undertaking. And when the short ceremony was over the evening was given to the best Cockney concert ever, with the Billingsgate Fish Porters Choir at the top of their form and Tubby in his happiest vein—"the end of a perfect day".

B.B.

Lucky 13

Tune:—Father O'Flynn.

ARTHUR STUBBS of Payneham Branch, South Australia, who died in 1947, enriched his fellow members in many ways, among others by writing words for them to sing—none more popular than The Payneham Ditty. Here is another of his songs, composed specially for Magill, the thirteenth group to be sanctioned in Australia, which, sad to say, petered out after "a short life and a gay one".

Lucky 13 is a group of ambitious ones
Good reputations and far from fictitious ones;
Take it from me there are not many vicious ones
Nor superstitious ones, here in 13.

Here's long life to you, Lucky 13!
Everyone knows you are solid and keen;
Friendship's avowed of you,
All the whole crowd of you—
That's why we're proud of you, Lucky 13!

Specimens meet from all shades of society,
Ages and stages in endless variety,
Laughter and reverence, cheek and propriety,
Nonsense and piety, here in 13.

Here's a smile for you, Lucky 13!
Branch where long faces have never been seen;
Joy's in the track of you,
Power's at the back of you,
Every man jack of you, Lucky 13!

Trying to foster a love for humanity
May seem to some like the veriest vanity;
Working for nothing is surely insanity,
Specially when some of you haven't a bean.

Here's a hail to you, Lucky 13!
Though but a cog in a mighty machine;
Your eccentricity
Scorning publicity,
Fond of simplicity, Lucky 13!

Jobs here are tackled with joyous avidity,
Muscular effort and facial humidity;
Snobbish reserve and class-conscious frigidity
Seem like stupidity here in 13.

Here's a cheer for you, Lucky 13!

Though it's a while since you came on the scene,

Nothing's too tall for you,

Nothing's too small for you—

That's why we fall for you, Lucky 13!

The thirteenth Branch founded at home happens to be WOLVERTON, which is celebrating its twenty-ninth birthday with a party on December 8. If Wolverton likes to appropriate this song, all we can say is "Lucky 13"!

"It Gets My Goat"

1. Being unable to find the Branch Room because there are no notices about it, and nobody knows where Toc H meets.
2. Finding the Branch Room locked when the Meeting should have been going on for the past ten minutes.
3. Hearing the word "Light" said at the end of the Ceremony of Light as a signal to the bloke standing by the electric light switch.
4. "Nothing to report" Reports from the Branch Officers.
5. Hearing Toc H members call each other "Mister" at a Branch meeting.
6. Leaving only five minutes for Part II on the District Team Agenda.
7. Guest-nights where there are no guests.
8. Tenth-rate Entertainment at an otherwise first-rate Guest-night.
9. Calling on the Guest Speaker to speak half-an-hour after he ought to have begun.
10. Singing when we don't want to sing.
11. Not singing when we want to sing.
12. All Meetings that go on too long.
13. The Three "D's"—Dullness, Despondency, and Death.

CURMUDGEON.



BAULD.—On September 20, JAMES C. BAULD, aged 44, Hon. Sec. Scottish Regional Executive. Elected Glasgow Branch 29.9.'39.

BURRELL.—On September 23, JAMES PERCY BURRELL, aged 53, a member of Redcar Branch. Elected 27.11.'44.

DICKINSON.—On September 1, CHARLES DICKINSON, aged 49, a member of Louth Branch. Elected 17.2.'41.

HOGG.—On September 16, ARTHUR VIVIAN HOGG, aged 76, a member of Bath Branch. Elected 29.9.'43.

JAMES.—On October 4, LEONARD JAMES, aged 92, a member of Saltash Branch. Elected 26.7.'47.

MORGAN.—On October 6, DAVID LLEWELLYN MORGAN, aged 57, a member of Teignmouth Branch. Elected 23.10.'33.

MORRIS.—On September 27, WILLIAM HENRY MORRIS, aged 65, a member of Highams Park Branch. Elected 30.5.'31.

PELLOW.—On August 2, JOHN HENRY PELLOW, aged 79, a member of Looe Branch. Elected 14.12.'48.

POAD.—On September 27, WILLIAM GEORGE POAD, aged 52, the Secretary of Callington Branch. Elected 22.1.'48.

SILVERWOOD-COPE.—On September 28, GEOFFREY SILVERWOOD-COPE, M.B.E., a member of the Central General Branch. Elected 24.11.'28.

THORN.—On September 22, Paymaster Lt.-Cmdr. R. W. THORN, R.N. (Retd.), aged 83, a founder member of Falmouth Branch. Elected 1.12.'27.

In Memoriam: Jim Bauld

By the sudden death of Jim Bauld at forty-four years of age, Toc H in Scotland loses one of its most gifted leaders.

His last evening was a typical one. The early part had been spent in the Area Office dealing with the business of our Festival, of which he was the organising Secretary. An active member of the Glasgow Branch, a visit to their weekly meeting followed. Then the usual good-nights at the street corner. We never saw Jim again, he died on the way home.

Jim had all the gifts and he gave them freely. So freely

perhaps that we often took them for granted. One remembers so many pictures of him. Presiding at Divisional meetings, acting as Secretary to the Regional Executive. Leading the 'fun and games' at the last Scottish Council, or taking Family Prayers in his own delightful, unconventional way.

The loss to the Family of Toc H is a big one. For us in Scotland who knew and loved him it will take time to realise that Jim is no longer available for the many jobs he so willingly undertook. We offer our deepest sympathy to his wife and family and to his mother.

R.F.

Broadcast from Wales

Toc H in Wales are very proud of the fact that the World Chain of Light will this year commence at Cardiff on Tuesday, December 11, at 9 p.m. As already announced in last month's JOURNAL, it will be preceded by a service broadcast from the Temple of Peace, Cathays Park, Cardiff, on Sunday, December 9, conducted by John Jones (Wales Area Padre) who will also give the address.

It is hoped that this broadcast will prepare all members of Toc H in Wales for the Vigil on December 11, and that members everywhere will join with them at 7.45 p.m. on December 9, by tuning in to the B.B.C. Welsh Region programme (341 metres). Many will be interested to know something of the Temple of Peace, or to give it its full title, the Welsh National Temple of Peace and Health.

This beautiful and dignified building with its ample grounds was given to the Welsh nation by the first Lord Davies of Llandinam and is now vested in the Welsh Regional Hospital Board, the Temple, Crypt and certain offices being leased to the Welsh National Council of the United Nations Association.

The Temple itself is lined with dove grey marble to symbolise the emblem of Peace and is used as a meeting place in Cardiff of cultural and social organisations. The Crypt, which is immediately below, houses the Welsh National Book of Remembrance.

E.H.

Two Area Festivals

SCOTLAND

The Scottish Region held its Festival in Glasgow on October 6 and 7. St. Mary's Cathedral (Episcopal) was well furnished with worshippers for the first event of the Festival, a thanksgiving service in mid-afternoon. Pat Leonard, who is Provost of the Cathedral, Arthur Howard and others conducted the service and Norman Motley (Chief Anglican Padre) preached a moving sermon. High tea followed (they make it quite high across the Border) and then the Guest-night in the High School Hall in Holland Street. Songs and duets filled the spaces between one of Lawrence Housman's Franciscan plays, *The Lepers*, put on with great spirit by boys from the Toc H Club in Dunoon, winners of many drama prizes, and a talk by Barkis, the 'guest speaker'. At 'Light' Jim Bauld, the Festival Secretary who died suddenly a week before the event, was specially remembered. On Sunday afternoon a very lively Family Gathering opened with singing and went on to some wizard conjuring and talks by Miss Macfie and Barkis. If the attendance at the Festival was rather smaller than had been hoped, enthusiasm and good organisation produced a week-end which no one could fail to enjoy and remember.

SUSSEX

An extremely pleasant afternoon and evening were spent on Sunday, September 23, at Shoreham-by-Sea, where the local Branch received members of thirteen other Branches and Women's Section members from both East and West Sussex.

A welcome in the Town Hall by the Chairman of Shoreham U.D.C. was followed by a Brains Trust, in which honours were shared between 'Doc.' Mitchell and John Durham. Hampden Park and Crawley, received their new Lamps.

Following tea, Evensong was held in the beautiful Parish Church of St. Mary de Haura where Tubby preached an inspiring sermon, stressing the constant need to go forward, that will long be remembered.

G.R.M.

“Nouns of Assembly”

RESULT OF COMPETITION

In the September JOURNAL competitors were invited to submit nouns of assembly for any eight of certain Toc H functionaries. Here is a report on the entries received, nearly a hundred of them.

An unsolicited entry gave us “An ‘Eadache of Editors”. This does not describe the competition or the effect of it. To the Editor’s relief, a judge considered the many entries from “A Baron of JOURNAL READERS”, a joy and a jumble, a volume and a column of them. He noted a depression, a nodding, a martyrdom, a skipping, a scan, a skip and a jeremiad of JOURNAL Readers.

This competition produced no end of fun, taken in small doses, even if there was too much on a par with the entries of one who signed himself “Cynical”. For instance, he gave “A Succession of Secretaries”, “A Ghost of Guests”, “A Pest of Area Padres” and “A Coma of Councillors”. In this strain an assembly of SPEAKERS had a bad time: *e.g.*, a spout (seven entries), a spate (seven), a piffle (three), a bore, a blather, a drone, a gush, a splutter, a prattle and a platitude; also a brief and a discretion, a dearth and an excess, a flattering and an ebullience.

GUESTS, on the other hand, were variously grouped as a gabble, gaggle, goggle, giggle and guzzle, a gush and a gash, an absence, a catch and a void, a flight, a gravity, a cheer and a chuckle. A greeting (five), a host (four) and a galaxy (three) were the most popular.

To our friends the BUILDERS competitors were kinder, although a hod was first choice with ten entries. Among the many alliterative ones were: bridge, buttress, bulwark, base, border, bumper, bounty, benevolence, benefaction. A ladder and a prop, an edifice and a fabric were not so neat as a quarry and a lobby.

The Marks produced some personal impressions, HOSTELLERS

being variously described as a nursery, a clutch, a fraternity and a family; also as a hotch-potch, a havoc, a horde, a hungryness, a spread, a mess and a bind; also as an inn-take. A host, a shelter and a welcome of MARK WARDENS were less sympathetically labelled as a worry, a wheedle, a nag and (oh!) a bosstoch!

GENERAL MEMBERS were kindly grouped as a leaven and an integral, but not so kindly as a float, stray, hibernation, orphanage, gallery, galley-load, detachment and lapse.

Of BANNER BEARERS there seemed to some to be a pomp and a pride, a bevy and a blush, a ballet, a blossoming, a brilliance and a blaze; to others a stroll, amble, toddle, flutter, flap, flaunt, boggle and stumble; also an inspiration and an uplift.

Competitors visualised a concourse of AREA PADRES as a circuit, penumbra, belfry, collect, collar, kennel, palaver and console. A tub of Area Padres seems to be allied to a motley and a leggate. These fishers of men were also assembled as a net and a paternoster, a flight and a skylot, a sinecure, a challenge, a fervour and an exaltation. Comment on their number is contained in an expectation, a silence, a "surplice" and a "lac" of Padres.

COUNCILLORS collect few compliments. There is a clot of them, a crush, a cloud, a concourse, a concentration, a condescension and a conceit. They are collectively a cackle, cacophony, cluck, chatter, babel, gabble, jabber, murmuration, huddle and that obsolete instrument a sackbut. More politely there is an elect of Councillors, a prestige, a constellation and a ruling.

Who has seen a deluge of DISTRICT BURSARS? Or a burst or a swoop, a grab or a pressure, a squeeze or a hang? We do know a collection of TREASURERS, a jack-pot, a kitty, a mint, a till, a tinkle and a rattle. Clutch and trove score five entries each. Other frank opinions give us a worry, whimper, want, scrounge, snatch, pinch, nag, torment and tap. Then there are these: a nest, impress, gimmey, sub-traction, horde, cache and an abscond.

Six competitors include a compass of PILOTS, four a trinity, three a beacon and two each a flight, a crew, a drop and a steorage. Here are others: drome, jet, channel, pragmatory, pontification, inkling, kindle, lode, gleam and twinkle.

A task-force, a jumble and a jostle of JOBMASTERS appear in each of three entries, a whip, a task and a jerk in two. A moan, a pester, a goad and a growl of Jobmasters are set-off by a jollity. There are a jump-joy, a jump-to-it, a conscience and a crusade, and the quite simple buttonhole, hive and do.

No less than thirteen entrants gathered SECRETARIES into a scribble, eight into a pen or penfull and six into a scratch or surface scratching. No one gave a silence or an illiteracy of Secretaries, but a litter, a squiggle, a smudge and a dilatory had their places, also a maul, a sensorium and an exfoliation.

MEMBERS inevitably invite the alliterations of a mix, mash, mush, muddle, medley, motley, moot, mingling, miscellany, multitude, muchness, menagerie, murmur, mumble and mettle. Why a tocsin and what is a toccade of members? A parity and a polyglot are in contrast. Then we have a noise, a natter and a knot, a lapse and a leap, a bulwark, an eagerness and a pledge.

The height of rudeness is reached with CHAIRMEN: a dither, a blether, a waffle, a maunder, a nap, a coughing, a swagger, a besetment, a laxity, a brake, a dictate, a vice and a butting. More kindly there are a moderation, an order, a nod, a sagacity and, initially, a Philip of Branch Chairmen.

From this excess of examples, readers will gather that we should have preferred more of the happier and kindlier groupings, but the competitors (and, we hope, you) will have had their fun.



The first prize of a book-token goes to "Roy" (Southsea) and the second to G.P.O. (Mitcham). Commended: L. B. (Hayes, Kent), G.L. (Sheerness), "Noxid" (Peterborough), R.S. (Boston Spa, Yorks).

The Editor has a finality of decision.

Merry-go-round

THE BRIGHT IDEA for constructing a Toc H Roundabout was hit upon by Edmonton Branch when planning their entry for the local carnival. The job was built in the back garden of Bill Lacey, a St. Dunstan's-trained member who, although sightless, was full of ideas and suggestions as to how it could be carried out.



*Edmonton's Toc H Roundabout
ready for the road*

The outstanding feature of the display was made up of four panels depicting recent jobs of service undertaken by Branch members: (1) Visiting old folk (2) Digging gardens for the disabled (3) Distributing fuel to the aged (4) Hospital visiting.

The Roundabout was made so that it would revolve slowly while travelling in procession through the streets, and constructed with screws to enable it to be easily dismantled and re-erected, as it was in fact later for the Chase District Rally.

As soon as the procession arrived at the local park the rain came down in buckets and swamped the Fair at which Toc H members were assisting and running side-shows. This was a big disappointment but—just one of those things.

On the credit side, it is estimated that at least 50,000 Edmontonians saw the display and from it gained some idea of Toc H and its work.

F.H.

A Bag of BOOKS



AN ASHRIDGE MEETING

Youth Service To-morrow; published by the Council of King George's Jubilee Trust. (1s. od. post free.)

This report of the week-end meeting held at Ashridge last April under the auspices of King George's Jubilee Trust has just been published. The significance of the meeting can only be appreciated in relation to its background. It all began with the famous Ministry of Education circular 1486. Issued in 1940 in all the circumstances of war, blackout, evacuation, fathers away and mothers at work, the near and soon-to-be-realised prospect of bombing, it called on Local Education Authorities, in partnership with the voluntary organisations, to do everything possible under these conditions to provide an adequate youth service. Some older Toc H members will well remember being roped in to help. Admittedly this was an emergency scheme. But, as so often, improvisation for emergency contained the germ of a permanent plan, and such a plan was in fact incorporated in the Education Act of 1944 (53 is the operative clause).

Henceforward the youth service was radically transformed. Hitherto it had existed on its own resources of men and money. Now it became a recognised part of the education service. Such a scheme, especially when it is administered by a large number of education authorities, as well as having to take account of a variety of youth organisations, is bound to be interpreted and applied differently in different places. Some education authorities did little, some wanted to do it all themselves, some—the majority—entered into the spirit of partnership. The voluntary organisations on their part had yet to learn to adapt themselves to the new situation and to weigh both its advantages and its limitations.

In bringing together for a week-end of free and frank

discussion an extremely representative gathering from both the statutory and the voluntary sides, to take stock and to look into the future, the Jubilee Trust performed an important and much-needed service. Too much must not be expected of the report now issued. A short week-end could not hope to solve the many detailed problems that arose. But to ventilate them was the first step and this it did. Most important of all, it enabled people approaching the field of the youth service from different standpoints to get to know each other as individuals, to see the other's point of view, and to appreciate the genuine concern of all to make the best of a common task. We met, not as exponents of particular views, but as whole people ready to make each our contribution to the whole. In fact the meeting set out to do—and largely succeeded in doing—what Toc H in a more generalised field and on a smaller scale is also seeking to do. For this reason alone, apart from its bearing on the future of a sphere of work vastly important to the rising generation, the Ashridge meeting should provoke the interest and study of Toc H members. H.A.S.

OF SERVICE TO LISTENERS

The B.B.C. Hymn Book. (Oxford University Press: Words only, 6s., with music, 12s. 6d.)

There are good hymns and bad hymns. Few of us would agree about the good and the bad. Some of their words are indifferent poetry, meant to be sung and not read; there may be bad theology, obscure meaning or false sentiment, yet this does not prevent their sincere use as one part of worship. Popular taste may declare the tune to be good because remembered, or bad because new and unlearned. There are plenty of hymns with both words and music of high quality, but so far they can only have been found in some of a variety of different hymn-books in common use.

Now, after thirteen years' work in response to radio listeners' requests, this selection of 542 hymns has been compiled from many sources. The omission of some bad old favourites need not be regretted and (while there is nothing by P.B.C. or B.B.) the best are here. The B.B.C. have pro-

duced a book, excellently arranged and printed, for which all Christians who use the English tongue and have music in their souls should be grateful. For those who compile special services or 'have to choose next Sunday's hymns', here is a sure guide. For those who like to follow the singing in studio services, there could not be a better Christmas gift. R.R.C.

AS OTHERS SEE US

Home and Away. By Adam de Hegedus. (Hutchinson 12s. 6d.)

It is salutary, if not always satisfying to our self-esteem, to see ourselves as others see us. Here an ex-Hungarian writer who has made England his home for twenty years and has fallen in love with it but has kept his critical eye open, sets down his "notes on England after the Second World War". Not being a born Englishman he sometimes sees virtues of which we are hardly aware and faults which we should, if we were fully aware, like to gloss over. He avoids a romantic view of us, which too many foreigners find easy, and he has no reverence for a number of the idols that some of us have long cherished; he deals with some things "one doesn't talk about". He has an easy mastery of English and writes really well; some chapters might have come from an interesting novel.

The author covers a very large piece of ground and would like us to feel that he is equally at home in every mile of it. In one chapter he is among old huntin'-shootin' friends in a great Cornish house and in the next dancing with Bermondsey girls in a South London *Palais de Danse*. He watches Royalty with curiosity in a Mayfair night-club, revisits Eton and finds it shabbier, is very much at home with a bunch of colliery lads at Blackpool in a wakes-week and discusses spivs intimately with a corner-boy friend in Kentish Town. This is all fair enough for an intellectual from Central Europe who has apparently served in British uniform as a lorry-driver in war-time.

One ought not, however, to expect any man to be equally comfortable and conversant with *every* class and condition in

English town and country. And so some of his reports ring truer than others and some of the characters on his crowded stage talk less like real people than the rest. The general impression of omniscience and of infallible judgement on some very debatable questions is a blemish on a most interesting book. Pride of that sort rides for a fall. To mention two small instances of fallibility, because they are so unexpected in an intellectual European—his only Latin quotation is so ludicrous that the footnote which offers a translation ("for those of my readers who have not received a classical education") only makes it worse; and his only German word, twice-repeated, is fantastically mis-spelt.

When these things are said, the reader still has to reckon with a serious attempt to assess our changed post-war England. Everywhere—in the dwindling aristocracy and the shaken middle-class, in the upward and downward movements of wealth and opportunity and privilege between classes, in the new set-up of school and university, in industry and farming and literature—this writer seeks to trace the currents of an immense social revolution of which we are all aware, though we may be too much involved in it ourselves to judge it as objectively as he tries to do. Of course he has criticisms to make and warnings to give, and we do well to examine and to heed them both. But in the end he keeps his true affection and cherishes a good hope for the hard days we must all face.

B.B.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

You shall have Music. By Sidney Harrison (C. A. Watts—*Thrift Books*. 1s.)

If you don't know the first thing about music you may find the opening chapters rather hard going. But it is well worth while to persevere, for you will soon find how fascinating a discussion of 'nationalism' in music or of 'popular music' can be. In any case you may have met the author face to face on the television screen and discovered his mastery of the piano and his skill as a teacher. This little book is a remarkable shillingsworth in these days.

B.B.



“THIS WIMBLEDON”

Under the above title, some fifty voluntary organisations took part in a recent three-day exhibition in the Town Hall, Wimbledon. A prominent exhibit was the above stand organised by the Wimbledon Toc H Branch and the Women's Section, which told the Toc H story in vivid and colourful form. It was concerned not only with the origin and spirit of the Movement, but depicted the variety of service undertaken. By means of a map and small moving lights it brought home the meaning of the World Chain of Light.

To the left of the stand was the recently acquired mobile cinema unit which in less than a year has given pleasure to thousands of patients in hospitals and old people's homes. To the right was a B.E.L.R.A. exhibit in model and picture, and in front of this, some of the properties made for the Torch Players' recent successful production of *St. Joan*.

This informative display attracted many hundreds of visitors and was justly awarded a certificate of merit as the second best exhibit.

G.W.

Branch Briefs



■ A mile of pennies was organised along the sea-front by HYTHE, in aid of the Jamaican Relief Fund.

■ Borstal Boys were entertained recently at a concert arranged for them by RICHMOND and HAM.

■ In September, year-old ILCHESTER staged a most successful fair and fête in the fifteen acre school field.

■ A Cotswold stone bus shelter has been provided by BROADWAY, and General Lord Ismay on their behalf, recently handed it over to the village.

■ An exhibition of 195 paintings, done by patients at Tedhidy Sanatorium, has been staged by ST. IVES in their Branch room.

■ The balloon race held by CLACTON last July provided funds for two coach-loads of needy blind people from London to enjoy a seaside outing in September.

■ A week of ballet at the Grand Theatre, Llandudno formed CONWAY District's contribution to the Festival of Britain activities, and proved a great success.

■ Sponsored by PAISLEY, local church services are now being taken to the homes of invalids and the aged by means of electric tape recorders.

■ Twenty-four orphan boys had the time of their lives when MILL HILL took them to Southend for the day.

■ Songs in German, French and Russian were sung by foreign students at a blind peoples' outing recently organised by LEICESTER.

■ An Area Festival in miniature was the description given to SANDWELL's Twenty-first Birthday celebrations, which members from thirty-five Branches in West Midlands Area attended.

■ For several years SPLOTT (Cardiff) have provided the crippled and paralysed with summer motor-coach tours and entertainments and parties during the winter.



"Cries of London" girls greet the Toc H party on arrival at the Festival Gardens.

Streatham News

Festival Shared

PATIENTS at the British Home for Incurables, Streatham, had heard much of this year's Festival junketings but there seemed little likelihood of them taking any active share. Then along came members of Streatham Branch to sweep aside the difficulties.

Transport proved the biggest problem—one can't take wheeled chairs on tubes or 'buses—and this was solved with the loan of a furniture van which conveyed them, wheeled chairs and all, direct to the Battersea Festival Gardens. Accompanying the party of eight patients and Toc H members was the assistant head male nurse, who gave up his day off to ensure the comfort of his charges.

At the entrance, a section of British Red Cross workers with great care unloaded the human cargo and they were then greeted by the "Cries of London" girls who made them gifts of their wares of lavender and oranges.

Thanks to the understanding co-operation of the Pleasure Gardens authorities, the whole afternoon was packed with enjoyment as the party were propelled from one attraction to another. It was one of the happiest days most of the patients had known for a very long time.

Frank Talks—II

WHAT IS TOC H?

WHAT IS TOC H? Why is it that, when we are asked this question, we chuckle and guffaw without giving a straight answer—much like sweet seventeen being asked if she's ever been kissed? Why is it that we evade the issue, change the subject or say, "Come and join us" like a school-girl explaining why she likes lollipops by answering, "Suck 'em and see".

Discussing plans for a Toc H stand at a Festival of Britain Exhibition, a worthy Branch secretary was heard to say, "Let's have a notice in big letters saying, 'do you want to know what Toc H is?'" The laugh of the evening was brought forth by the suggested addition, in small letters, of the words, "If so, don't ask us".

In these materialistic times, if we want to fight the Devil at his own game, we must show that we have the guts to know our own minds. Ask a communist, "What is communism?"—will he evade the issue and giggle like a school-girl? No—he will tell you what he wants, why he wants it, and how he intends to get it. If Toc H intends to make any impression on the hard-boiled 1951 mentality, we have got to substitute a little straight thinking for woolly pleasantries.

There are still people who believe there are fairies at the bottom of the garden but most modern people want something more tangible on which to fix their trust. Surrounded by 'isms', movements, organisations, committees for the furtherance of this and committees for the suppression of that, our fellow men expect an answer "What *is* Toc H?"

Do we want our Movement to grow or do we not? If we do, we must tell the world where we stand. Offer our fellow travellers something solid to pin their faith to, something definite as their goal. Give them something positive to work and fight for.

What is it going to be? . . . What *is* Toc H? . . . You don't know? . . . Neither do I . . . But, for goodness sake let us make up our minds.

FRANK R. FIGG.



The Editor welcomes letters on all matters concerning Toc H. For reasons of space the right is reserved to shorten letters received, but every effort is made to print a representative selection.

Can you beat it?

DEAR EDITOR,

Our Branch held a Fête in June in aid of the Family Purse at which we cleared £57. One of the items consisted of a Balloon Race in which prizes were offered to the sender and finder of the balloon which travelled furthest. The successful finder this year was Mrs. E. Thomas, of Battle, Sussex, and here is her letter acknowledging receipt of the 10s. finder's prize:

Thank you very much for the 10s. received safely. When I saw from 'Toc H I felt I ought to help someone with it as I used to belong to Toc H when my children were young. I get the Old Age Pension now. I'm only a poor woman but God has given me very many blessings and I'm going to make someone happy with sharing my prize. Thanking you,

Yours very sincerely,

E. Thomas.

P.S. With God's blessings on Toc H."

THEO. GANDY.

Hartley Wintney, Hants.

Farnham Castle

DEAR EDITOR,

All who were able to be in on the Farnham Castle month will agree what a huge success it was.

A week in this wonderful retreat, a good table, comfortable beds, hot and cold, in fact every facility, in this old-world Castle, and, a few minutes' walk, a grand old town. Good walks, frequent buses into the delightful county of Surrey, including the Hogs' Back, Hindhead and numerous other beauty spots. Meeting some old friends and many new ones from places wide apart and learning much from them.

Another addition to its success was the absence of an arranged programme, and yet to drift from a musical half-hour into the library and enjoy discussions. In my week we were privileged to hear Tubby and Harold Howe on different evenings.

Thank you, Farnham, for your original idea. May it be an annual and continue to be a holiday with a purpose.

G. E. MOORE.

Saffron Walden.

Remember Aden?

DEAR EDITOR,

During the war there was quite a lot of Toc H activity in Aden. We are now arranging a reunion of all R.A.F. personnel who served in Aden and outstations 1939-45, to be held in London, Saturday, January 26, 1952. Details from W. Brackenbury, 3a Rowan Road, London, S.W.16.

W. WHITELEY.

Westminster, S.W.1.

See-saws and Swings

DEAR EDITOR,

We are a young group, having started in March of this year, but we are fortunate in having a Job right handy, this being the Church of England Children's Society Home at Great Maplestead.

This Job calls for the activities of all our eleven members, whose varying trades and accomplishments, we are able to use to good advantage in helping the Home.

One important need is for large toys of the kind which can be shared by all the children, such as swings, see-saws, rocking horses, slides, etc.

We have already enlisted the aid of our District in finding such items, but maybe some of your readers farther afield would like to offer their help.

N. J. CRESSY.

Police Station,

Castle Hedingham, Essex.

Militant Mice

DEAR EDITOR,

My neighbour Harry, a country mouse, has for two years been used as a guinea-pig in rural revolutionary experiments by Planners. He hopes that Toc H will hear his squeaks and help to represent all views fairly to those who wield powers under the Agriculture and Planning Acts.

After considerable expenditure on legal representation, Harry won his appeal to the Land Tribunal against the Minister's decision to acquire four of his five acres. Yesterday he appealed against another Minister's decision refusing a permit to build a dwelling on his land for young Harry. He employed a barrister who revealed curious flaws in the Planner's arguments for refusing such permission. Again he cannot claim costs. These cases have shown that urban technical arguments weigh heavier than rural human ones when considered by remote authorities. Unfortunately isolated small men like Harry become overawed or cannot afford to press their cases, so their squeaks are drowned by the noise of 'expert' opinion, which cannot be challenged until the appeal stage. Toc H Jobbies might put them in touch with me, as a small team has been formed to help them.

ADRIAN HUDSON.

Stoneyfields, Caldecote, Cambs.